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BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D.D.

"I got home from the National Council Thursday night. Everybody pronounced it a grand meeting. No subject awakened more interest than Home Missions, and the Committee (on Roy and Merriman's papers) must have sat altogether one and a half days. . . . The Committee's report you will have in this week's papers. It suits me because it is just about what I have labored for for ten years, viz.: a State Home Missionary Society like that of Maine to administer the funds raised in the state, and work up the churches to the self-sustaining point. It doesn't go so far as the Wisconsin complainants wanted to go; and Dr. Coe said he was satisfied because it did not give over all the control into Western hands. I have no doubt that Eastern contributions would have fallen off if it had, and on the other hand, I believe Western contributions will increase if they do not go to New York, and back again, before the missionaries get the benefit of them. The responsibility of making Home Missions a success in each state will now rest chiefly with the brethren in the state, and they will be put up to do their best. And this arrangement, it seems to me, will allow—as no other one would—larger sums to be appropriated to certain places, like those you mention, by the Society at New York administering the surplus of Massachusetts and Connecticut and other Eastern states, and the money that will go to New York under the new arrangement, will come—much of it at least—from wealthy churches at the East, paying large salaries, and they can be per-

Place and Meeting of the National Council.

To some of us, who had been hedged in, by the grand Sierras for sixteen years, it was a great privilege to meet, and sit down as it were at the feet of the great men from the East—receiving instruction from their lips—drinking from the silvery and sparkling stream which freely flowed for nearly a week. Those of us who enjoyed the rare privilege ought to be better, and wiser men, in every way.

In the Second Congregational church, on the 15th of November, at 10 o'clock A.M., the sight was grand and almost overwhelming, to see hundreds of Elders and Messengers (of the old apostolic order) of the Congregational churches of the United States—from

bought for from five to six dollars an acre, is now worth from sixty to seventy-five. This place, and in fact the whole county, is improving very rapidly; there are a great many fine buildings going up, and also a great many which are completed.

It was decided to levy a tax of one cent upon each of the three hundred thousand members of the different Congregational churches, for the purposes of the Council.

Rev. Dr. Bascom made a report on Church Building, embodying the re-

Resolutions from the committee on the Supply of Ministers, were presented, affirming that ministers are not well enough paid, and that the way of entering the ministry is attended with too many difficulties. These resolu-

Brooklyn, and has now called the Rev. Hugh S. Carpenter, so long the brilliant pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church of Brooklyn, who is at present filling the Howard pulpit. And the Westminster church has called and settled the predecessor of Dr. Scudder in his present charge, the Rev. Clement French. *Evangelist.*

"MOTIVE FOR TEMPERANCE.—When Admiral Farragut's son was about ten years old, the father said in his hearing, that when he was old enough to make a compact and keep it, he had a bargain to offer to him. The son rose up and asked his father what the compact was. The admiral said, 'The proposal I intend to make is this: If you will not smoke nor chew tobacco, drink intoxicating drinks nor strong wines, if you are twenty-one years of age, I will then give you one thousand dollars.' The bargain was closed; and when young Farragut was twenty-one, the cash was handed over."—Foster's Cyclopaedia.

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THE PACIFIC.

REV. JOSEPH A. BENTON, D.D., Editor.
REV. GEORGE MOORE, D.D., Associate Editor.
REV. S. V. BLAKELEY, Associate Editor.

SAN FRANCISCO:

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 14, 1871.

Communications intended for publication in THE PACIFIC should be addressed to "Editors of The Pacific."

Letters relating to the business affairs of the paper, to John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers, No. 409 Washington Street, opposite the Post Office.

We are compelled to tax the patience of our friends. We have more than our usual number of long communications on hand. We shall insert them just as fast as we can. If they were shorter, we could manage them better, and publish them sooner. We cannot hope to make room for them all before the beginning of another volume.

FOREFATHERS' DAY is just ahead of us. On the Sunday nearest that day many churches take their collections in behalf of the American Congregational Union, whose chief object is to assist feeble churches in the erection of houses of worship. The American Congregational Union has aided many of our California churches, and these, and all of the churches, are, in good faith, bound to take collections for the Union. We hope the matter will not be overlooked; and that all who love the memory of the Pilgrims, and who like their polity, will be active in the work of aiding the Union, and overspreading the land with sanctuaries for the worship of the free.

The Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardener, is a monthly paper of sixteen pages, at \$1 per year, printed by A. M. Purdy, of Palmyra, N. Y., a life-long, practical horticulturist. It is devoted to fruit-growing and ornamental gardening. The back numbers for 1871, now on our table, speak well for it. It extracts practical matter on these subjects from its agricultural and horticultural exchanges, giving the proper credit. Thus, by taking this paper, the reader gets the cream of the horticultural and agricultural press on these subjects. Its premiums, both in cash and plants, are very liberal to getters up of clubs. Accompanying the Recorder is a sixty-four page work, entitled the "Small Fruit Instructor," giving practical instructions, with illustrations and drawings, how to grow strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, currants, etc., in a plain, simple manner. Any person who sends his dollar this month for the Recorder, will, if so requested, have sent to him free a copy of the "Instructor," by enclosing a stamp to prepay postage. Judging by the volume of the Recorder before us, and the "Small Fruit Instructor," all readers will get their dollar's worth, and more.

The Congress of the Nation convened at Washington, in regular session on the 4th of December. There was no trouble, as sometimes, with the matter of the organization of the houses. This had been effected at the session of last spring. The President's Message was read on the 5th, and telegraphed to this Coast the same day. The Message is short, sharp, plain, modest in tone, and mainly in accord with the best thinking of the time. It has decided merits, and takes the wind out of every sail that had been set to catch the popular breath away from him. He is master of the political situation, and can be made President again if he covets the honor and keeps his wisdom. We do not think him capable of this crime, or the blunder that will defeat him in 1872. He neither prates, nor writes letters, and is therefore safe amid a thousand dangers.

Our new Legislature met and organized last week. Governor Booth was inaugurated on the 8th, in the midst of a fine display, and with much enthusiasm. The number of people in attendance was larger than was ever seen before. On account of the crowd the exercises were necessarily held in the open air. The Inaugural Address of the new Governor is able and well written, in the main. The number of themes treated of renders the discussion of some of them brief and abrupt. We regret that the Governor dismisses the Geological Survey in such a summary manner, and that he makes no mention at all of the State University. It is very likely that he intends to make them the subject of a special message in which he will dwell at length upon the grand matters of Science and Education. We hope this is his intention; and we are very desirous that he should give all our State institutions great attention, and will see that they are in-

rior in no respect to the very best in the Union. Governor Booth thinks for himself a good deal, and the habit is an excellent one. He is also disposed to speculate (not financially), and philosophize considerably. This we do not condemn, but it is sometimes too deep and subtle a process for the appreciation of the multitude. What the Governor thinks the National Government can do to prevent Chinese immigration, we can not imagine. We will wait to see—see, if we live long enough. The new Governor has spoken his first piece, and spoken it well, as a whole. We hope he will go on from well to better, and from better to best, and prove adequate to his duties, and equal to his great opportunity.

The most solemn explanation of the recent calamities in Chicago and Wisconsin is that given by a Southern Presbyterian journal, published at Richmond. That journal is not afraid or ashamed to express its opinion, that, as the Western forests and Western villages were shriveling up in the flames, and hundreds of their inhabitants were burnt up, and thousands were driven, homeless and homeless, and shivering into the lakes, a righteous God, to whom "vengeance belongeth," and who has said, "I will repay," remembered the desolations wrought in the South by the hands of these same Western men.

And there is much more of this same strain! If religious men at the South can reason after this vindictive manner, what can we expect of thousands who have no Christian charity. Is it any wonder there are Kuklux bands?

Yes, it must be confessed our Southern fellow-citizens have some reason to regard carpet-baggers with aversion. Doubtless the North, when it reads the following biography of one of them, will not wonder that South Carolina affairs are not financially in the best condition. Does Massachusetts make such men as keep bars treasurers of its funds? But we are told that the South Carolina State Treasurer, for instance, Mr. Niles G. Parker, kept a bar in Haverhill, Mass., before the war. He entered the army; served, as worse men did, with credit; then settled as a carpet-bagger in Charleston; opened another grocery; "went into politics;" was made an alderman; cultivated the negro vote; failed in business, and paid thirty cents on the dollar; rose rapidly in politics, became State Treasurer, and is now reputed to be worth a million, and has plenty of diamonds.

The first biennial report of the State Board of Health has reached us, from the office of the secretary. It is a thick pamphlet of 120 pages, from the press of the state printer. It contains divers reports, papers, addresses, documents, and diagrams; all of which are more or less valuable; and, in an appendix, lectures, and essays: on Female Hygiene, by Dr. Storer, of Boston; Municipal Regulations Concerning the Dead, by Dr. Lane, of San Francisco; The Social Evil, by Dr. Stout, of San Francisco; Chinese Immigration, by Dr. Stout; School-room Diseases, by Dr. Virehow, of Berlin; School-houses and their Ventilation, by Dr. Logan, of Sacramento; and the Draft of an Act for Sanitary Purposes. Of the excellent address by Dr. Logan, printed in this report, we have spoken in a previous number of THE PACIFIC. The lecture of Dr. Storer is such a one as few people have ever listened to, and is the utterance of one of the most skillful of the specialists in America, as well as one of the true men of our time. And all of these papers, which we have read, show ability, zeal, and a desire to benefit mankind. The field into which the State Board of Health has entered is immense. The wonder is, that, with so few facilities, so few laborers, and so little money, it has accomplished so much; though this much may seem to some people but a little. A good beginning has been made in the publication of observations and statistics. A large and interested corps of observers and reporters is needed in every section of the state, and the laws which regulate climate, season, health, production, and all physical phenomena, should be deduced from wide and accurate observation. We hope the state will continue and endow this Board of Health, making it a source of honor and credit to the state, a means of advantage to the population in health and husbandry, and a means of vindicating its claim to be the finest region in which to make a home that can be found in all the earth.

We are often assured that the world moves. We are sometimes told that it

moves, when we cannot see it. Now and then we are asked to believe that the millennium is near, when the occurrences pointed out as in evidence are very far from convincing. Recently, however, we have been reassured of the world's progress by the sight of our eyes. The other day we took up the Hawaiian Gazette, and there, in 78 articles, filling three columns, was printed the constitution of Fiji! Here are the Fiji Islands, or a part of them, which, in our boyhood, were regarded as the stronghold of cannibalism, coming into the ranks of civilization, rejecting the rule of irresponsible chieftains, recognizing the rights of man, and throning a king over them only as a limited monarch. King Cakabau, and his house of delegates, have accepted and proclaimed this constitution. It is, of course, largely the work of the white people, but it is accepted by all the native population, who are really enfranchised by it. What can read better than the following specimens from the constitution?

"God hath endowed all men with certain inalienable rights; among which are life, liberty, and the right of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and of pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness.

"All men are free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences; but this sacred privilege, hereby secured, shall not be so construed as to justify acts of licentiousness, or practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the kingdom.

"All men may freely speak, write, and publish their sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right, and no law shall be enacted to restrain the liberty of speech, or of the Press, except such law as may be necessary for the protection of His Majesty the King and the Royal family.

"All men have the right, in an orderly and peaceable manner, to assemble, without arms, to consult upon the common good, and to petition the King or Legislative Assembly for redress of grievances.

Our religion and our commerce are not inert things if they can thus transform a people in the life time of a generation. The land of the Fijis is not an immense country, but it is tropical and picturesque. Its people are not so well clothed and cultured as they might be, but they are savages no more. Then, welcome the kingdom of Fiji into the family of nations. Room among the crowned heads for the constitutional king, Cakabau.

It seems certain that the Prince of Wales is about to die. His death will make a profound impression. The British people have been not a little disappointed in the intellect and character of the heir apparent to the throne. But, while their expectations have not been met, they have still cherished a great regard for the oldest son of Albert and Victoria; and his untimely death, at the early age of thirty years, will move them deeply. Their grief will be sincere; and it will be aggravated by their fear of financial troubles and political complications. However, we do not think there are grounds for serious alarm. The queen may live on and hold the throne ten or eleven years, and till her grandson, Albert Victor, is of the age of eighteen years, and can be crowned. Should the queen die, trouble might arise, though there is no good reason for saying that a regency, and a very successful one, might not be established, even in this century. No doubt the time is coming when the royal family of England will be dismissed to private life; but we should not regard it as yet arrived, were both the Prince of Wales and the queen soon to pass away. The people of England are too stable and considerate to change their form of government quickly. Slow and sure is the way they go toward the changes of human progress.

Glance at the Foreign Field.

The appropriations for our foreign work, for the coming year, are \$410,000. Besides this amount, are to be raised special contributions for the work in nominally Christian lands. It should interest Californians and Hawaiians, that the first two appointees for Spain, to initiate missions there, are Dr. L. H. Gulick and his brother, Wm. Gulick, favorably known in these, the Pacific lands. Already nearly \$1,800 have been received for this department of the work. It is to be hoped that the committee of the Board, at Boston, will see the way clear to establish a mission in Mexico and other of the Spanish states along our own coast.

The Woman's Board has received a notable lift, by legacy from Sarah P.

Baldwin, of Boston, amounting to \$15,000.

The California contributions to the Board's treasury are: From First church, in this city, \$280; Second church, \$13 70; First church, Oakland, \$57 12; Eureka, \$5 71. The quarterly remittance from the Oakland auxiliary of the Woman's Board, also, was \$92 80.

The obituary notices of Marshall D. Sanders and Thornton B. Penfield, reveal how serious a loss the Ceylon and Madura missions have sustained in the death of those earnest and devoted men.

It is a date to be remembered that on August 27th, 1871, the first church in European Turkey was formed, and the first pastor, a native Bulgarian, was ordained, after the simple ways of the Congregational churches.

It shows how sure and steady a progress the same churches are making in Asiatic Turkey, when we are told that nine young men were graduated from the Theological seminary at Marash. It was not till 1846, we believe, that the first church in that part of the Turkish empire was formed. Now there are seventy-six such churches, and eighteen thousand enrolled Protestants, over three thousand of whom are in church connection. But outside of this enrolled list, the spirit of this reforming movement has spread widely.

The news from China shows that the elaborate effort of the literary classes to foment prejudices against foreigners and foreign religions is extending throughout the empire. The story circulated is that the Christians are determined either to convert or to kill the Chinese. As they have made slow work in converting, they have now set to work to poison. Reports are made to fly about that such a foreigner was seen putting poison in the wells. So the wells are drained off or inclosed. The officials issue proclamations, ostensibly to pronounce these stories false, but often the proclamations are so adroitly worded that they increase or confirm the credulity of the masses. Of course, this course on the part of the anti-foreign party in the empire throws for the time great obstacles in the way of missionary influence, and gives rise to some apprehensions concerning the safety of the missionaries themselves.

It used to be said, as a good joke on Celso, that, being sent to convert the Zulus, of South Africa, one of the Zulus converted him. Certainly, the Zulu Christians at their annual meeting taught Home Missionary churches in California a good lesson. It was gravely doubted at Stockton, in October last, whether, after the rousing Home Missionary meeting during the session of the General Association, it were best to take any collection for the cause. We did take one, and it amounted to some \$54. But our Zulu brethren made offerings at their General Association of about \$420 for the same cause!

Our rapid glance, each month, always gives us grand and inspiring thoughts of how blessed a thing it is to be a real, living, intelligent, public-spirited Christian. How certainly such a glance as this, even taken month by month, joined with prayer and generous giving, will develop the graces and joys, and enthusiasm, in all our churches. Whatever may be the difficulties, do not try to run a church without a meeting for the missionary cause. That is about like running a first-class daily newspaper without any use of the telegraph.

Supply of Ministers.

Upon this topic the National Council adopted the following resolutions, which we commend to our churches:

Resolved, 1. That it is the imperative duty of ministers, churches, and individual Christians to promote and encourage, in every practicable way, the education of worthy young men for the Christian ministry.

2. That the American Education Society and other kindred Societies ought to receive the hearty sympathy and generous liberality of the churches extended, in regular stated contributions, to their support.

3. That while we love, as our fathers before us, the principles and supporters of our noble Public-school system, we cannot dispense with a system of Academies, Colleges, and Theological Seminaries, controlled and instructed by men of devoted and active Christian faith, judiciously planted over all our territory, and furnished with such ample resources, as will secure to them that commanding position among the seminaries of learning of our country which Academies and Colleges, founded and nurtured by men of Congregational faith and order, have occupied

from the very beginning of our history as a people.

4. That it is incumbent on ministers to inculcate on Christian parents, and especially on Christian mothers, the duty and the precious privilege of consecrating their children, from their infancy, to the service of the Master, and if the will of God be indicated, to the ministry and to missionary work in home and foreign fields.

5. That while we recognize the duty of the churches to give, and the right of ministers to receive a support, which will free them from all hindrance in their work and from pecuniary straits or embarrassment, we ought to seek and expect such a baptism of the Holy Ghost as will make our clergymen willing and eager to enter the ministry, and to undertake the cultivation of the hardest fields in the Lord's vineyard, in face of whatever difficulties and discouragements, since, without such a gift of the Holy Ghost, success in the great work to which the Providence of God is loudly calling us, is impossible.

The Doctrinal "Departure."

Our Chicago contemporary, the Advance—which, by the way, has reappeared in its full dimensions, and in more than its former good taste—is greatly delighted with the doctrinal position taken by the Oberlin Council, and incorporated into the present constitution of the council. The article reads as follows, "They [the churches] agree in belief that the Holy Scriptures are the sufficient and only infallible rule of religious faith and practice; their interpretation thereof being in substantial accordance with the great doctrines of the Christian faith, commonly called Evangelical, held in our churches from early times, and sufficiently set forth by former Councils." The phraseology of this article suggests this query, Was it intended to affirm that the "interpretation of their churches is in accordance with that known as Evangelical, which includes Armenianism, according to Wesley, as well as Calvinism, according to Edwards? If this was intended, then the latter portion of the article merely says that this common Evangelical interpretation was "held in our churches from early times, and sufficiently set forth by former Councils." This rendering of the Oberlin declaration of faith would rule out of distinctively congregational interpretation that part of the Westminster Confession and of the Thirty-nine Articles, which is Calvinistic, leaving churches, of course, to hold or not hold that part without any imputation of singularity. But it might be plausibly argued that the clause, "commonly called Evangelical," is merely parenthetical. Then the Congregational interpretation would be "in substantial accordance with the great doctrines sufficiently set forth by former Councils." The objection to this rendering would be, that the term Evangelical would thus be limited to those doctrines which are substantially Calvinistic. This use of the term would not be just. As the wording runs, then, preference must be given to the first mentioned method of explaining the Oberlin doctrinal deliverance.

This method of explanation is undeniably in accordance with the actual drift of these churches. We do receive Evangelical men to our fellowship, whatever may be the type of their doctrinal scheme. The declaration, so explained, is as it should be also. While historically we inherit, and by a great majority, so far, maintain the Edwardian type of Calvinism, yet the Congregational churches cannot be sworn to that particular scheme or any other. In sympathy with that great movement toward unity which characterizes our time, we welcome to our fold all men who stand firmly on Christ, and Christ alone, as the rock of their salvation.

The evening service last Sunday, at the Congregational church at Redwood, was a Temperance meeting with an address by C. N. Fox, Esq., a member of that church. A Juvenile Temperance Society is to be organized in connection with the Sunday-school, to whose meetings one Sunday in each month will be devoted.

Prof. Moar, of the Theological Seminary, occupied the pulpit of the Second church, in this city, last Sunday, preaching from the contrasting texts, "God is love," and "Our God is a consuming fire," showing, by some very apt illustrations, drawn from the comparative forces in nature, that each of the attributes of God are but distinct manifestations of that infinite love that embraces the universe, and protects it by his holy law. It was a very satisfying sermon, to both intellect and heart.

Lecture-Room, First Congregational Church—Monthly Concert.

The Pastor read that word of Jesus to his disciples: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest;" and remarked:

There was need of that prayer then; there has been need of it ever since; there is need of it now. There never was more need of it than now. The number of young men, in our churches, devoting themselves to the ministry is proportionally less and less. The number of young men in our Theological Seminaries devoting themselves to the Foreign Missionary work is proportionally less and less.

Rev. Alexander Clark returns East this week, after having supplied the First Presbyterian church in this city very acceptably for three months. We understand that he has been re-elected for

In the older states of our American Christendom there is a great and growing want of ministers. In Vermont, with some 200 congregational churches, there are at least 50 "unsupplied." In Illinois, with 248 churches, there are 51 without pastors. In Michigan, with 176 churches, 43 pulpits are "vacant." In Indiana, with its 31 churches of our order, 9 are "vacant." This is the proportion of destitution—from one-fourth to one-fifth. Doubtless there are in these states referred to, as many ministers as churches, perhaps more. But some of them are professors and instructors in academies and colleges. Some of them are secretaries and agents of benevolent societies. Some of them are superannuated, or infirm in health. To some who would be glad of a settlement and think they have a divine call to preach, the people think they have no divine call to listen. We want more ministers for our churches, more laborers in our home harvest-fields.

How is it with the American Board? With its 19 "missions," its 78 "stations," and its 415 "out-stations," and broad, new fields of labor just assumed by it, and the whole world open to it, it had, of its own, now at work less than 100 effective men.

How many did it send out last year? Only four men, and sixteen women! It needs "at least thirty new ordained missionaries to go out at once."

Come, brethren, this old prayer suits our lips to-night. Let us lay this definite burden on our hearts and our supplications at this hour. Let us pray that Christian parents may consecrate their children to this work, that Christian young men may turn their ambitions and their aspirations thither, that there may be the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon our Colleges, and the revival of the mission spirit in our Theological Seminaries.

After fervent prayers for this object, the brother appointed gave an interesting sketch of

MISSIONS IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

The extent of this empire, the various nationalities of its people, the influence of nominal Christians, and the new spirit of progress making in the empire, were exhibited in an impressive manner.

The statement was followed by prayers for the triumph of the cross in Turkey.

Another brother reviewed the progress of missions in

THE MICRONESIAN ISLANDS.

Showing the cheering successes of the past year, the gradual emergence of a Christian order out of the darkness of barbarism, and the disastrous and corrupting influence of foreign visitors trading at the shores in their ships of commerce.

Tender and affectionate reference was made to the missionaries en route for Micronesia who passed through this city in June last.

It was a good meeting, full of interest and life.

Religious Intelligence.

The West.

The question upon which Dr. Stone addressed the multitude at the Skating Academy last Sunday evening, had reference to God's partial distribution of light to the generations and nations of men. Dr. Stone speaks with much interest of the candid and earnest tone of the letters which he receives, proposing these questions; while the congregations that gather to hear his discourses upon them, show how far this community is from thoughtlessness or real carelessness respecting religious truth.

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Home Circle.

Thoughts of Heaven.

No sickness there,
No weary waiting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air—
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair!
No vain petition for a sweet relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realms of ceaseless praise and song;
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its walling blend not with the voice of spring
As some too tender flower, fades and dies.

No night distills
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame;
No noon is needed there! The light which fills
The land of glory from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered, the celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread.

Let us, depart,
If home like this awaits the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one! thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's darkling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day!

Why Henry Lost His Place.

"Begone! Quick now, or you'll be sorry. Never show your face here again."

With these words, old John Lacy shut the door on his brother's child, and left him to fight his way through the world as best he could. Henry was too angry to cry; he ran faster than the old man had said even—ran as though he wanted to get out of sight of John's cottage and all that belonged to him. When he came to "the clearing," he sat on a stump to get breath and think over what had happened.

"I didn't do anything very bad; only stopped to pick a few berries, when he was for driving me to death. Haven't any place to cover my head! This is a pretty fix to be in. But the world is wide. Guess I'll do for somebody's errand-boy."

Off he ran after a rabbit, and for a drink from the brook.

"I am not a bad looking fellow," he thought, catching a glimpse of himself in the brook. "Pretty dirty face and hands, and tangled hair; haven't been washed or combed for a week; no wonder in that old hovel! Got to begin the world new; know it, old fellow," he cried, shaking his finger at himself and stooping to wash his face and hands, and comb his hair.

"Now," he began, "guess I'll do to hunt my fortune. A couple of miles ahead is a farm-house; a good place; try it first."

The family were around a blazing log fire, when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in."

In walked Henry and stammered out his story to Mr. Ross, who sat in the arm-chair. Mr. Ross listened, and, after asking as many questions as he wished, told Henry he would try him for one week.

"I shall watch you closely," he said. "The boy that lives with me must walk straight in everything."

All the arrangements were made, and Henry went to his attic room, thinking himself the most lucky fellow in the land.

"I'll keep this place," he thought. "Don't catch me doing anything to make the gentleman angry."

He was up and about his work by day-break. Mr. Ross said he hauled, and chopped, and split more wood than any boy that had ever been on the place.

By the time the week was up every one but Mr. Ross had said that Henry was the best boy they'd ever had. No one else could take such good care of the ducks, and chickens, and turkeys, or find so many eggs, or draw the children to school, or be so kind and obliging around the house. So, at the end of the week, when Henry came to stand before Mr. Ross, no one expected to hear him say: "You cannot stay here."

Think, then, how surprised they were when Mr. Ross said: "I am sorry, Henry, but I cannot keep you. I have watched you well, and I see that in you which would make me afraid to have you about."

How anxious all were to hear!

"You are cruel to dumb animals, Henry. When you thought no one was around, I have seen you torment the children's pets. And so with the other dumb animals. I have seen you take evident pleasure in making them suffer. At first I thought it was play, but I looked long and often enough to believe you did it from cruelty. I would not feel safe with such a boy. I am sorry, Henry, but I never change my mind when it is once made up. Remember, boy, cruelty to animals is a sin against a God of loving kindness and tender mercy. Learn a lesson from this, and when you are tempted to sin thus again, remember the Bible words, 'Thou, God seest me.'—S. S. Visitor.

Organ Keys.

Seated one day by the organ, we tried a few notes. Calling our friend to our side, she played several notes, and then stopped. Turning to her we asked, "Why don't you learn to play?" With such an excellent instrument ever at our elbow, we are sure we would.

Our friend smiled, and laying her hand on the merry band of little ones that grouped around her, answered: "These are my keys!"

True enough, thought we, immortal keys, and may your touch awaken notes that vibrate through the corridors of eternity! We had heard the words before idly spoken by mothers unconscious of the deep import of the analogy. We looked at the present speaker, and knew she was pondering the very height and depth of her words. Would that all mothers did this! Mother of six little ones, happily, gloriously triumphant shall she be, if, from amidst all the jarring, discordant notes that proceed from keys not yet tuned, she can strike her six octave instrument at last, in a choir of harmonious and responsive melody, that shall bless the earth, and finally brighten heaven.

Some one has said: "A child's character is as pliable as wax;" and we add: It is born with a character as responsive as the keys of an organ.

But men and women developed into beings of authority, especially the authority of motherhood, strike the first notes with a touch that vibrates in discordant responses through the whole of after-life.

We strike the key-note of passion and self-will, with almost our first impressions on the infant mind.

Our short-sightedness encourages us to view, with indulgent eyes and encouraging mien, the baby-passion and the willfulness of our baby darling.

We even help their development by recounting them as the original wit of our boy. Mamma, weak and timorous, fears the first struggle in crossing the infant will. She reasons thus: Infancy is not responsible, not accountable in the Divine law. It bears the impress of innocence. Reflect, however, though the irresponsibility may continue to a certain age of the child's life, innocence is lost, as soon as the parents' evil passions develop in the child. The responsibility, the accountability too, rests somewhere on the parent or guardian.

Mamma, indulgent and humorous, stems not the streamlet of passion while she can, and when she would, she cannot. The gurgling streamlet has received its tributaries of passion in its gentle flow, and is developed into a torrent, whose waters defy restraint, and bear down gentle influences before it.

This tells to mothers, what a holy charge is theirs—with what a kindly power their love might rule the fountains of the new-born mind; Warns them to wake at early dawn and sow Good seed, before the world does sow its tares."

O mothers! be true to yourselves, true to the immortal minds you are to train. Be true here, and you will be true to the state, the church, and true to God. This is your sphere to control popular will, not through the ballot of politics, but the grand ballot of humanity. The world is the ballot-box, and all time and eternity shall count the yeas and nays.—Ref. Ch. Messenger.

A Faithful Shepherd Boy.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day, while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley, on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said:

"My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions, and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master, and I will give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, and he felt the boy had fairly cornered him. He said:

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt now offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country round. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he sent for him shortly after, and had him educated.—Young Pilgrim.

The witty author of "My Summer in a Garden," writes in the Hartford Courant in this vein: "Perhaps it is not an open question whether Columbus did a good thing in first coming over here—one that we ought to celebrate with salutes and dinners. The Indians never thanked him, for one party. The Africans had small ground to be gratified for the market he opened for them. Here are two continents that had no use for him. He led Spain into a dance of great expectations, which ended in her gorgeous ruin. He introduced tobacco into Europe, and laid the foundation for more tracts and nervous diseases than the Romans had in a thousand years. He introduced the potato into Ireland, indirectly, and that caused such a rapid increase of population that the great famine was the result, and an enormous emigration to New York—hence Tweed and Hall and the constituency of the Ring. Columbus is really responsible for New York. He is responsible for our whole tremendous experiment of democracy, open to all comers, and the best three in five to win. We cannot yet tell how it is coming out. What with the foreigners and the communists and the women, it is a great stage in which a comedy and tragedy in one piece are being played; with what denouement we cannot yet say. If it comes out well, we ought to erect a monument to Christopher as high as the one at Washington expects to be, and we presume it is well to fire occasionally to keep the ancient mariner in mind while we are trying our great experiment."

SPEED OF CARRIER PIGEONS.—The Newark Advertiser gives the following: The wonderful flight of the carrier pigeon, Tempest, to Montclair, N. J., was noticed some time since. We have now to record the still more extraordinary time of two other birds sent home. The following names were found on them upon their arrival:

"DEAR FATHER.—Sept. 15, 1871—Lat. 27 deg. N., long. 70 deg. 30 W., 1,004 statute miles from Montclair, N. J.—I will let the male bird Tornado go with this note at exactly 9 o'clock, A. M., New York time. I let the bird Tempest go on the 10th. She rose up to 500 yards high, and then made one tremendous plunge to the north, and was out of sight as quick as a flash of lightning. HARRY C. BLECKER."

"DEAR FATHER.—Sept. 21, 1871—Lat. 26 deg. N., long. 93 deg. 5 W., 1,500 statute miles from Montclair, N. J.—I will let the old bird Typhoon go with this note at exactly 8 o'clock, A. M., New York time. He is a powerful

bird, but has a fearful job on hand. He must go through it or perish. All well. HARRY C. BLECKER."

The bird Tornado arrived at Montclair the same day at 2 o'clock and 7 minutes, P. M., making over 196 miles an hour. The Typhoon arrived at the same day at 8 o'clock and 54 minutes, P. M., and fell dead on his arrival, but he brought the note in the unprecedented time of 202 miles an hour.

MEN WHO WIN WOMEN.—God has made the sexes that women, like children, cling to the men; lean upon them for protection, care, and love; look up to them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the sun of their system, and they and their children revolve around them. Men are gods, if they but knew it.

Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts want men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a fool, or a libertine. If a man would have a woman to do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman—not after the Chesterfield school, but polite because his heart is full of kindness to one because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level if his mind is above hers; who never yields to temptation, even if she puts it in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar with her to the extent of being an adopted brother or cousin; who is not over-careful about dress; always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place as a man, the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy, and industry, will win any woman in the world who is worth winning.

THE OLDEST ROSE-BUSH.—Probably the oldest rose-bush in the world is one twined upon a side of Hildesheim Cathedral in Germany. The root is buried under the crypt, below the choir. The stem is a foot thick, and half a dozen branches nearly cover the eastern side of the church, bearing countless flowers in the summer. Its age is unknown, but documents exist which prove that a Bishop Hezilo, nearly a thousand years ago, protected it by a stone roof, which is still extant.

Nonsense and Over-sense.

They are making brandy out of manzanita berries in Nevada county, whisky out of Canada thistles in the East, and now some progressive fellow proposes to make gin out of sage-brush. Nature does much to provide things just where they are wanted. Quinine is found where fevers are prevalent; northern corn has more fattening qualities than the southern article, to furnish fuel to the body in cold winters, and hemp grows in Texas. Brandy is liked in Nevada county, whisky is not disliked where Canada thistles flourish, and we have abundant evidence that sage-brush gin would be hailed as a national beverage by the Putes and contemporaneous tribes in the trans-montane state.—Sacramento Union.

A JOLLY LIFE.—Insects must lead a truly jolly life. What must it be to lodge in a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from censer! Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of the rose, rocked to sleep by the sighs of summer air, and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew-drop, and then fall to and eat up your bedclothes!

The New England Medical Gazette says: "An old lady followed up an Episcopal Bishop, as he was traveling through his diocese, and was confirmed several times before she was detected. She wished the ordinance repeated because she understood it was good for the rheumatism!"

"Ella, my child," said a prudish old maid to a pretty niece, who was curling her hair in pretty ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself."

"So he did, aunty, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to do it myself."

It was once remarked in the hearing of a little girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance, and that the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in a night. "I should like to know, sir," asked the child, "where the seed came from?"

A clean shirt is one of woman's best gifts to man.

Ocular punishment.—Eye lashes.

Concerning Health.

The Philosophy of Eating.

The young eat for three reasons: 1st, to grow; 2d, to keep warm; 3d, to repair waste. Hence all food contains one of two elements, and sometimes both, called nitrogen and carbon. The nitrogen makes flesh, sometimes called muscle, and is the same as lean meat. Carbon makes fat, and is that which keeps us warm. Sugar, starch, arrowroot, oil, butter, suet, and lard have no nitrogen, there is nothing in them to make flesh out of; all the food they afford to carbon is the material for warmth.

Infants and children often get so chilly as to freeze, as it were, unless they had something sweet in their food; hence nature has implanted in them an unspeakable taste for sweet things. The thing the new-born infant needs first and always is warmth. Butter, oils, and starches abound also in the heat-producing elements, but require strong powers of digestion—are applicable to grown persons, and to the old; hence, as we grow old, we like fat meats and butter more.

It is in obedience to these laws that the Almighty beneficence and wisdom has imparted a relish for the oils and fat meats in winter, because extra heat is needed. The Greenlanders, whose country is always covered with ice and snow, consider butter and lard and tallow-candles and the rankest oils the greatest luxuries conceivable. Buttrice, on which many in warm countries chiefly live, is said to contain scarce one per cent. of the fat or heat-producing element, while oils have 96 per cent. of it.

All know buckwheat cakes are relished in winter, but as spring comes on we begin to lose our appetite for them. The cakes themselves contain 54 per cent. of fat as heat-producing elements, and they are made more palatable by spreading butter on them, and molasses, each being almost entirely—96 per cent.—heat-producing.

But out-door workers eat meat and bread the year round, and never weary of it, because 22 per cent. of such food is flesh-forming, and gives that much power and strength to work.—Rural Press.

Healthy Bread.

In the good time coming I have no doubt but the best bread-maker will have the most honorable "position" in town. She would have that already if she would but make herself known. And when she has got by acclamation a roomy building in which to do the town or neighborhood baking, she might consider the new French plan of making bread from the whole wheat. It is simple enough. The wheat is washed in water, which cleans and swells it considerably. It is then tumbled in a plate-iron cylinder, rough upon the inside so as to rasp off the chief and coarser part of the skin of the wheat. Then there is another soak in lukewarm water with a little yeast, which bleaches and swells the kernel still more. Finally the drained wheat is crushed between rollers into a paste mass, salted, leavened, risen, and baked in loaves. These methods are all cheap and simple, requiring but a little common sense, conformity, and co-operation, to bring them into practice in any neighborhood. Of course we have got to get over the notion that it won't pay us to help everybody else to good bread. Man cannot live by bread alone to be sure, but if bread had not been considered the staff of life, and scarcely to be overrated, that saying would have far less meaning. And those people who have learned the art of making good bread, of cooking wheat, rye, barley, and oats, and corn, can touch their neighbors with a sample of their best, in a most effective way. One plate of barley cakes, crisp from the fire, or half a loaf of fragrant rye bread, or a mould of wheaten grits, with a baptism of cream and sugar; that you run in with just at meal-time, will speak more volumes upon diet than all the books.—N. Y. Evangelist.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR CORNS.—Mr. Rose, a merchant of San Diego, announces that these creators of so much torment in the world can easily and surely be cured by applying a good coat of gum arabic mucilage over them every evening on going to bed. He had them for forty years, and tried nearly all the corn remedies in existence without relief, until he tried the above, which readily cured him in a few weeks.

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How dear does mother hold
Her bonny little one?
Just as dear as the jostling clovers
Hold the merry sun.

How hard would mother try
To please her pretty lass?
Just as hard as the pleasant showers
Try to please the grass.

How fair does mother think
The darling at her breast?
Just as fair as the fleet white sea-bird
Thinks the wave's white crest.

How long will mother's love
For her treasure last?
Just as long as heart keeps beating—
Till her life be passed.

How much will mother's love
Change from warm to cold?
Just as much as the mountain changes,
Or the ocean old!

—Overland Monthly.

Preserving Eggs.

Kohler, of Germany, who possesses an extensive poultry-raising establishment, and who every winter preserves thousands of eggs without ever losing one, has recently published an account of his method of proceeding, and has given the following rules for securing favorable results:

1. The nest must be placed in a cool position.
2. The fowls that show a tendency to sit must be removed at once, and placed in separate inclosures until this propensity has left them.
3. If many hens are confined in the same inclosure, or use the same nest for laying their eggs, the eggs ought to be removed from the nest several times a day.
4. The eggs ought to be assorted according to age, and preserved in boxes with the covers always partially open. These boxes must be kept in a cool, airy, and perfectly dry place.
5. At the beginning of winter the store of eggs is placed in some room that is not heated by fire, but that is, at the same time, thoroughly protected from frost.
6. The packages are so arranged that the oldest may be used first.

Eggs treated according to these rules do not acquire the peculiar taste which is generally the result of the recipes in vogue for preserving eggs. The number of these recipes is almost unlimited. Some recommend the use of lard or butter, which when rubbed over the eggs fills the pores, excludes the air, and prevents the eggs from drying out. That these are powerful causes in the spoiling of eggs is easily proved, for the time that has elapsed since an egg was laid may be roughly estimated by taking its specific gravity. If we dissolve common salt in water, at the rate of three ounces of salt in twenty-five of water, it will be found that freshly laid eggs will sink in this solution. An egg that has been kept for one day will hardly sink to the bottom; at three days old it will float in the liquid, and when five days old it will float on the surface, more of it being elevated above the surface in proportion to its age. These phenomena are caused by the drying out of the eggs and the extent to which they take place in a given time depends somewhat on the weather.

Smearing the eggs with butter or lard prevents this, but these oily matters are apt to become rancid, and thus destroy the flavor of the egg. Dipping the eggs in lime-water is also recommended. The lime fills the pores of the eggs, and serves the same purpose that the grease did. But of all the materials that have been recommended for this purpose water-glass, or silicate of soda, is the most effectual and least objectionable. —Scottish Farmer.

A Great Farmer's Maxims.

The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the prince of American farmers is attributed to the close observance of the following maxims, originated by himself:

When you wake up do not roll over, but roll out. It will give you time to ditch all your sloughs, break them, harrow them, sow them.

Make your fencing high and strong, and tight, so that it will keep the cattle and pigs out.

If you have brush make your lots secure, and keep your hogs from the cattle; for, if the corn is kept clean, they will eat it better than if it is not.

Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock—they will rise early by force of circumstances. Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise him; if he is a good hand, pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself; for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the land, and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that early rising, industry and regular habits, are the best medicines ever prescribed for health.

When rainy, bad weather comes, so that you cannot work out of doors, out, split and haul your wood.

Make your racks, fix your fence or a gate that is off its hinges, weather-board your barn where the wind has blown the siding off, or patch the roof of your barn or house.

Take your time and make calculations, don't do things in a hurry, but do them at the right time, and keep your mind as well as your body employed.

Said a farmer a few days ago: "John goes to the depot twice a week during summer, and every Tuesday gets a check for thirty-five or forty dollars, and it amounts to considerable during the season, although we have but thirty acres of land." Such farmers are looking around to see what they can raise to turn into money. A little surplus of this or that is marketed while fresh, and it keeps a full purse. Whether it will pay the producer under all circumstances, however, is a question to be considered. The soil, climate, and distance from market must be taken into account. The freight and cartage within two or three hundred miles of New York City is from one-half to one cent per pound, and the express rates are about double the amounts stated. It will thus be readily seen that it costs as much to market a bushel of potatoes weighing sixty pounds, worth seventy-five cents, as a tub of butter worth twenty dollars. The distance from market then is to be considered in determining what it will best pay to produce upon the farm. —Ohio Farmer.

Mr. Thomas Bland, who has long studied the land shells of the West Indies, is now endeavoring to elucidate their distribution by an investigation of the depth of the sea between the different islands. In a paper read before the American Philosophical Society, he announces that the depths so far as they have been ascertained agree with the distribution of the various groups of shells. The whole of the West Indies may be divided by a line south of Santa Cruz and St. Bartholomew, and north of St. Christopher and Barbuda, and all the islands south and east of the line show an affinity to Venezuela and Guiana in their shell fauna, while those to the north and west of it are similarly allied to Mexico. All the southern islands as far as St. Vincent, are situated on a submerged bank of about 2,000 feet deep, extending from the mainland of South America, and these all possess shells of a more especially continental character than any other part of the West Indies. Some very interesting results may be expected when the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico shall have been more accurately surveyed. —Examiner and Chronicle.

The London Builder says: "A great deal of discussion has taken place during the last twelve months relative to the durability of the jarrah timber of Western Australia; but, until the present time, no positive proof has been given to the residents of Melbourne of its good qualities. There are, however, at present on view at the Flinders street station of the M. & H. B. Railway Company, three logs of jarrah timber, which have, for the last twenty years, formed a portion of the jetty at Perth, Swan River, Western Australia. They have been drawn by the Government and forwarded to Melbourne, with a view of exhibiting the capabilities of this wood. The logs are about twenty feet long, with a diameter of about twelve inches, and having been sawn down the full length and polished, exhibit the splendid grain of the wood to great advantage. The wood, it appears, is as firm and solid as when first hewn. The grain is close, of a fine dark color, and takes a rich polish. Each pile bears a written certificate from an officer of the Western Australian Government. It is to an astringent principle in the wood, poisonous to insects, that its preservation is attributed.

M. L. DUNLAP's idea of planting forest trees is that they must be closely planted in order to make proper upward growth. About three thousand trees to the acre will answer a good purpose. This will make them about four feet each way. Some planters prefer three feet, and begin to thin out in five or six years. The wood that is obtained in thinning will more than pay for the extra plants and labor.

The Color of Milk depends on the Cow.

One of the members of the Farmer's Club, who wears a tile, gives out as his theory that the color of the milk depends on the food of the cow. The fact is that one cow's milk is yellow, another is white, on the same food; at least it is so in Ohio. If there is any spot where all the cows give yellow milk, there is where the white-livered cows had better go. Two brothers occupied the same house; their cows fed by side; the wife of one made golden, the other silver butter. One thought the difference was in making, the other had her doubts about it. I was visiting them, and just happened to enter the room as one was taking her butter from the churn, and never shall I forget the look on her face as she held the white-looking mass towards me, or the tone as she said she didn't know what ailed the butter, it was so white. I said to her, "No woman can make yellow butter from your cow without coloring." Her face brightened, and she uttered, in quite a different tone, "I believe it, and I'll have husband sell that cow." The cow was sold to a dairyman and proved profitable for cheese. I visited her pantry after another cow was bought, and observing the yellow cream on her milk, asked her if she could make golden butter now? "Oh yes!" was the cheerful answer. Another case: Two neighbors living opposite, one makes golden, the other silver butter; the first believes the difference is in making, the last in the milk; after while they both change cows. Now she that made the golden butter makes white and vice versa; but the poor woman couldn't see where the trouble was exactly, and died without the sight. Was it in the feed? I am not given enough to suppose that facts will explode opinions, but hope it will remove the blame from some discouraged woman, whose husband supposes there need be a funeral in his house ere he can eat golden butter. —O. J., in the New York World.

Pond-Lilies.

On seeing my dish of pond-lilies, and admiring their beauty and fragrance, I asked: "Why is the pond-lily so little cultivated? a flower so much admired and so easily grown, yet in many places so rare." The answer was: "It is not universally known that it can be grown so easily." Many ask the question: "Where did you get those pond-lilies?" We tell them we raised them. What! raise pond-lilies? We reply: "Yes—raise them as easily as we do corn or potatoes." And as many seem interested about them, I thought I would tell the lovers of flowers how to raise them.

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How dear does mother hold
Her bonny little one?
Just as dear as the jostling clovers
Hold the merry sun.

How hard would mother try
To please her pretty lass?
Just as hard as the pleasant showers
Try to please the grass.

How fair does mother think
The darling at her breast?
Just as fair as the fleet white sea-bird
Thinks the wave's white crest.

How long will mother's love
For her treasure last?
Just as long as heart keeps beating—
Till her life be passed.

How much will mother's love
Change from warm to cold?
Just as much as the mountain changes,
Or the ocean old!

—Overland Monthly.

Preserving Eggs.

Kohler, of Germany, who possesses an extensive poultry-raising establishment, and who every winter preserves thousands of eggs without ever losing one, has recently published an account of his method of proceeding, and has given the following rules for securing favorable results:

1. The nest must be placed in a cool position.
2. The fowls that show a tendency to sit must be removed at once, and placed in separate inclosures until this propensity has left them.
3. If many hens are confined in the same inclosure, or use the same nest for laying their eggs, the eggs ought to be removed from the nest several times a day.
4. The eggs ought to be assorted according to age, and preserved in boxes with the covers always partially open. These boxes must be kept in a cool, airy, and perfectly dry place.
5. At the beginning of winter the store of eggs is placed in some room that is not heated by fire, but that is, at the same time, thoroughly protected from frost.
6. The packages are so arranged that the oldest may be used first.

Eggs treated according to these rules do not acquire the peculiar taste which is generally the result of the recipes in vogue for preserving eggs. The number of these recipes is almost unlimited. Some recommend the use of lard or butter, which when rubbed over the eggs fills the pores, excludes the air, and prevents the eggs from drying out. That these are powerful causes in the spoiling of eggs is easily proved, for the time that has elapsed since an egg was laid may be roughly estimated by taking its specific gravity. If we dissolve common salt in water, at the rate of three ounces of salt in twenty-five of water, it will be found that freshly laid eggs will sink in this solution. An egg that has been kept for one day will hardly sink to the bottom; at three days old it will float in the liquid, and when five days old it will float on the surface, more of it being elevated above the surface in proportion to its age. These phenomena are caused by the drying out of the eggs and the extent to which they take place in a given time depends somewhat on the weather.

Smearing the eggs with butter or lard prevents this, but these oily matters are apt to become rancid, and thus destroy the flavor of the egg. Dipping the eggs in lime-water is also recommended. The lime fills the pores of the eggs, and serves the same purpose that the grease did. But of all the materials that have been recommended for this purpose water-glass, or silicate of soda, is the most effectual and least objectionable.—*Scottish Farmer*.

A Great Farmer's Maxims.

The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the prince of American farmers is attributed to the close observance of the following maxims, originated by himself:

When you wake up do not roll over, but roll out. It will give you time to ditch all your sloughs, break them, harrow them, sow them.

Make your fencing high and strong, and tight, so that it will keep the cattle and pigs out.

If you have brush make your lots secure, and keep your hogs from the cattle; for, if the corn is kept clean, they will eat it better than if it is not.

Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock—they will rise early by force of circumstances. Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise him; if he is a good hand, pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself; for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the land, and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that early rising, industry and regular habits, are the best medicines ever prescribed for health.

When rainy, bad weather comes, so that you cannot work out of doors, cut, split and-haul your wood.

Make your racks, fix your fence or a gate that is off its hinges, weather-board your barn where the wind has blown the siding off, or patch the roof of your barn or house.

Take your time and make calculations, don't do things in a hurry, but do them at the right time, and keep your mind as well as your body employed.

Said a farmer a few days ago: "John goes to the depot twice a week during summer, and every Tuesday gets a check for thirty-five or forty dollars, and it amounts to considerable during the season, although we have but thirty acres of land." Such farmers are looking around to see what they can raise to turn into money. A little surplus of this or that is marketed while fresh, and it keeps a full purse. Whether it will pay the producer under all circumstances, however, is a question to be considered. The soil, climate, and distance from market must be taken into account. The freight and cartage within two or three hundred miles of New York City is from one-half to one cent per pound, and the express rates are about double the amounts stated. It will thus be readily seen that it costs as much to market a bushel of potatoes weighing sixty pounds, worth seventy-five cents, as a tub of butter worth twenty dollars. The distance from market then is to be considered in determining what it will best pay to produce upon the farm.—*Ohio Farmer*.

Mr. Thomas Bland, who has long studied the land shells of the West Indies, is now endeavoring to elucidate their distribution by an investigation of the depth of the sea between the different islands. In a paper read before the American Philosophical Society, he announces that the depths so far as they have been ascertained agree with the distribution of the various groups of shells. The whole of the West Indies may be divided by a line south of Santa Cruz and St. Bartholomew, and north of St. Christopher and Barbuda, and all the islands south and east of the line show an affinity to Venezuela and Guiana in their shell fauna, while those to the north and west of it are similarly allied to Mexico. All the southern islands as far as St. Vincent, are situated on a submerged bank of about 2,000 feet deep, extending from the mainland of South America, and these all possess shells of a more especially continental character than any other part of the West Indies. Some very interesting results may be expected when the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico shall have been more accurately surveyed.—*Examiner and Chronicle*.

The London Builder says: "A great deal of discussion has taken place during the last twelve months relative to the durability of the jarrah timber of Western Australia; but, until the present time, no positive proof has been given to the residents of Melbourne of its good qualities. There are, however, at present on view at the Flinders street station of the M. & H. B. Railway Company there, three logs of jarrah timber, which have, for the last twenty years, formed a portion of the jetty at Berth, Swan River, Western Australia. They have been drawn by the Government and forwarded to Melbourne, with a view of exhibiting the capabilities of this wood. The logs are about twenty feet long, with a diameter of about twelve inches, and having been sawn down the full length and polished, exhibit the splendid grain of the wood to great advantage. The wood, it appears, is as firm and solid as when first hewn. The grain is close, of a fine dark color, and takes a rich polish. Each pile bears a written certificate from an officer of the Western Australian Government. It is to an astringent principle in the wood, poisonous to insects, that its preservation is attributed.

M. L. DUNLAP's idea of planting forest trees is that they must be closely planted in order to make proper upward growth. About three thousand trees to the acre will answer a good purpose. This will make them about four feet each way. Some planters prefer three feet, and begin to thin out in five or six years. The wood that is obtained in thinning will more than pay for the extra plants and labor.

The Color of Milk depends on the Cow.

One of the members of the Farmer's Club, who wears a tile, gives out as his theory that the color of the milk depends on the food of the cow. The fact is that one cow's milk is yellow, another is white, on the same food; at least it is so in Ohio. If there is any spot where all the cows give yellow milk, there is where the white-livered cows had better go. Two brothers occupied the same house; their cows fed side by side; the wife of one made golden, the other silver butter. One thought the difference was in making, the other had her doubts about it. I was visiting them, and just happened to enter the room as one was taking her butter from the churn, and never shall I forget the look on her face as she held the white-looking mass towards me, or the tone as she said she didn't know what ailed the butter, it was so white. I said to her, "No woman can make yellow butter from your cow without coloring." Her face brightened, and she uttered, in quite a different tone, "I believe it, and I'll have husband sell that cow." The cow was sold to a dairyman and proved profitable for cheese. I visited her pantry after another cow was bought, and observing the yellow cream on her milk, asked her if she could make golden butter now? "Oh yes!" was the cheerful answer. Another case: Two neighbors living opposite, one makes golden, the other silver butter; the first believes the difference is in making, the last in the milk; after awhile they both change cows. Now she that made the golden butter makes white and vice versa; but the poor woman couldn't see where the trouble was exactly, and died without the sight. Was it in the feed? I am not green enough to suppose that facts will explode opinions, but hope it will remove the blame from some discouraged woman, whose husband supposes there need be a funeral in his house ere he can eat golden butter.—*O. J., in the New York World*.

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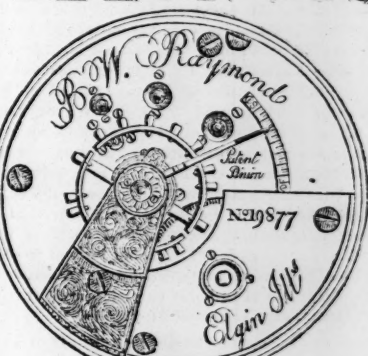
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FOLLOWING LETTER:
MOUNT VERNON, ILLINOIS, April 29, 1871.
such high terms of Allen's Lung Balm to-day, that I
ment him: He says his mother, who is now sixty years of age,
and has been under the care of all our best physicians, but
grew worse, until she was confined to her bed; and when
lose the power of respiration, and they were compelled to
she coughed so hard, she could not expectorate anything,
her recovery. Her son noticed the advertisement of Allen's
that they would procure and try it. They commenced giving
very hour until midnight; then she took another spell of
matter, which was something she had not been able to do
until morning, and then she began to expectorate freely,
trees of months' sickness, and gave her immediate relief;
now sits up all day, and can walk about the house and
ore of the Balsam to-day, and he is recommending it very
his letter refers to
EXPECTORANT REMEDY ever offered to the afflicted public.
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